THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

.....NO. 10,047 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

EF BRANCH OFFICES : WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1267 Broadway be-WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE-1207 Bloading tween 31st and 32d sts., New York.

BROOKLYN-359 FULTON ST. HARLEM-News
Department, 150 East 125th St.; Advertisements at 237 East 115th St. PHILADELPHIA,
PA.-LEDGER Building, 112 SOUTH ST.

WASHINGTON-610 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE-32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR

## CIRCULATION BOOKS



104,473,650

WHICH AVERAGES OVER Two Millions a Week, OR. BEACTLY. 285,447 COPIES PER DAY

## "COMPARISONS ESTABLISH VALUE."

## The World Cuarantees:

First, THAT this is a larger number of papers, than were printed during the year 1888 by envitwo other American newspapers Combined.

Second, THAT its daily average, 285,447, is mercess that of any other newspaper in America. Third, THAT its circulation during 1888 was

Fourth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was Fifth, THAT its circulation during 1888 was more

Sixth, THAT the bona-fide average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD for 1888 was 260,326 copies, and that this was over TWO AND A HALF TIMES the circulation of the New York Sunday HERALD, more than DOUBLE, that of the New York Sunday SUN, and more than 50,000 in excess of the New York Sunday HERALD, TRIBUNE and

Seventh, TO REPUND ALL MONEYS PAID PROPER TEST, THE ABOVE STATEMENTS ARE NOT VERIFIED.

## NEW STARS IN THE FLAG.

There are people living who saw the Old Flag wave over thirteen States. Thirteen stars shone from the folds that flew as bravely for Freedom then as since. There will be forty-two stars on the flag now.

No patriotic sentiment has been more poetical in any land or time than that inspired by the glorious bunting which "Freedom from her mountain height" unfurled,

Tore the azure robe of night And set the stars of glory there!

The flag will remain "the old flag " that is dear to every freeman's heart, however many new glories be added. On such questions there should be no sectional feeling. The political unselfishness of the Democrats in Congress has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by their action in voting in the Dakotas and Washington, which as territories have been Republican.

But whatever their political complexion. the future of the new States and of the great and growing Union is sure to be glorious.

## BELLES-LETTRES AT BORDENTOWN.

The famous old city of Bordentown, that used to be the great stopping place on the stage route from New York to Philadelphia in the days of JOSEPH BONAPARTE, has a sensation. What is more, it is a literary sensation. Critics who clamor that the newspapers do not print enough literary matter will have for a time to eat their words.

It seems as if the poet must have had Prof. W. C. Bowen's Bordentown College in mind when he wrote:

A little learning is a dangerous thing! The Senior Class of rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed undergraduates had learned a little about English literature in the sixteenth century. They wanted to know more. or thought they did. The Professor told them more, and then came the deluge.

It was a deluge of tears and indignation. They learned what they say shocked them dreadfully. The Professor was not content with confining his remarks to the sixteenth century. He added too much "contemporaneous buman interest."

It is not well to know too much.

## THE DOG SHOW.

It is a pleasure to see the clean-limbed, bright-eyed and sleek-coated animals on show at Madison Square Garden. They sleep regularly, eat regularly and rest whenever they feel so inclined.

Quite a contrast they present to the emaciated, hungry, thirsty, tired, sleepy, spiritless, bedraggled creatures who have in the near past competed for prizes on the same tanbark.

As compared with walking matches and bicycle races, dog shows have much in their favor. They do not involve suffering. There is enough necessary pain in the

world.

gents of New York to have insured each others' lives before sitting down to their annual dinner last evening. But the temptation to msure must have been overpowering in such an assemblage, and the life of the waiter who pours soup down your neck at a public dinner would have been the most appropriate risk.

Recent legal proceedings seem to indicate that the weather has been too mild and the pawnbroker too stern to admit the continuous wearing of fur coats in some of our very best families this Winter.

It has been said that when the sky falls, larks may be caught. It is to be hoped that rogues will be trapped before the Assembly ceiling falls.

### WHAT FUR?

- "I want a fur coat." Said the Prince to the Clerk; " I'm a noble of note And I don't have to work!
- I don't want to pay Till my funds come from Ceylon,

I want a fur coat and

- Hong Kong and Cathay! "Come, out with the skin!" But what fur," said the Clerk:
- " Not fur cash," with a grin Said this Prince who won't work. For this for coat a bine coat
- Pulled him in: with a wince -As he felt he was collared-'What for ?" said the Prince!

### THIS AND THAT.

The taffy gathered by suspicious Husband Trowbridge at New Haven from a tapped telephone wire has proved sufficient to bring out a successful divorce suit. The co-respondent was Clerk Jonathan Ingersoll, of the Superior Court,

Awakened and frightened by a dream of kidapping, young Herman Stout, in West New York, tried in vain to arouse the seven other members of the family. Then he called a doctor, who found that twenty minutes more of coal gas would have been fatal for all.

Mr. Starr, a Barnum agent, is reported a week overdue from a desert full of fanatics, and his friends at Algiers are worried. This will increase the lustre with which the Starr and the anatics will shine on the season's show bills.

Worried by the loss of \$1,500, at the county scat of Wyoming, Mrs. Kate Maxwell, better known as "Cattle Kate," rode her horse into a live where some of her cowboys were being played for a crooked game. She "held up" the gamblers, took her \$1,500 out of their pile and livided the rest among her boys.

Christian Scientist Hardy only stopped adninistering faith to Mrs. Willis Chamberlain, at Buffalo, when it was too late for medicine to begin on her pneumonis. He will be held for indictment.

Philadelphia women's sensibilities are deeply shocked over the approaching hanging of Mrs. Sarah Whiteling. To impartial outsiders, there is something a trifle shocking in the fact that the convicted woman murdered her husband and we children to get their insurance money.

John Schilling's yard at Mohnsville, Pa., Harry Devine caught young Mrs. Schilling's too susceptible heart. The pair have eloped and the chickens now run at will. Women have got 65 per cent, of the 329,000

While driving his runaway chickens out of

divorces granted in the United States in the past twenty years, the chief complaint being deser-tion. In Rhode Island there has been one divorce to each eleven marriages.

## WORLDLINGS.

George B. Roberts, who is at the head of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, is a small man with a wonderful head for facts and figures. He is of Scotch descent and about fifty years old. lthough he looks somewhat younge

A rare collection of diamonds is owned by Mrs. Arnot, wife of the ex-Congressman from Elmira. One beautiful stone in the collection ost \$11,000. She has a pin containing a hunlred stones and a star containing fifty.

The recipe for making the original cau de ologne was discovered 200 years ago, and sinc that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed.

A well-informed merchant, recently returned from Brazil, predicts that the nation will become a republic on the death of the Emperor. While Dom Fedro lives the monarchy is likely to survive, but his daughter, the Princess Iobelia. will never be allowed to ascend the throne. She is an extreme monarchist, and not in sympathy with the liberal ideas of her father.

## BARNUM ON THRANGE

### He Tries to Make a Speech to the Boys of the Cousolidated.

P. T. Barnum, the veteran showman, paid a visit to the Consolidated Exchange. to-day, to see a grandson who has joined that

As soon as he made his appearance, the old gentleman was seized by the boys in the foom, who insisted upon having a speech. Good natured interuptions, however, soon put an end to the attempt, and later on he held an impromptu reception.

## No Good Reason for Opposition.

The New York Evening Wonte is making a good fight to secure an amendment to section 291 of the Penal Code, giving to the Supreme Court judges power to review the commitments of children to reformatories by police magis trates. Under the law as it now exists abuses of a grave nature are perpetrated. Under the law to-day the agents of the reformatories can procure the commitment of children without the consent of their parents, and there is no appeal The proposed amendment would prevent such abuses. Of course THE EVENING WOLLD'S efforts are meeting with the fierce opposition of all the reformatories; but precisely why they should be opposed to a measure so just it is difficult to see.

George Washington steps to the 'phone to-morrote and learns some things that surprise him from the political leaders of to-day. Read the Washington Rivthday Issue of The Evening World to-morrow.

# In Early Spring

specially in the early spring, when I am troubled with dirriness, dulness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my head-actes and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I have used this spring have been worth many It would have been a most uncalled-for reBinns, 663 44id st, town of Lake. Chicago, III.
Blood's Barcaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1. sux for
\$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## THROUGH JOKERS'

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD OBSERVED FROM A PLEASANT STANDPOINT. Love's Long Embrace.

ers' Tournament.



Might Be a Crime. I have been employed for many years in She-Goodness me, Fred, how in the world am

to get back to the house? It didn't look at all ike snow when we came out.

A Great Relief to Him. Beggar (reading the news from France)-How thankful I ought to be that I own no shares in the Panama Canal.

For Man and Beast,

Weary Reveller-Bless me, p'liceman, this scat is very dampsh! Policeman—Yes, sir; it probably is moist, as you've sat in a drinking-trough.

# [From the Detroit Free Press.] The English are kicking themselves for their

All in a Natshell.

action in Samoa. They kept quiet and let Unele Sam do all the bluffing, and when he bluffed to win England came in a poor third. How They Escape Trials. [From the Nerrislown Herald ]
"The poor know nothing of the trials of the rich." Perhaps not. But if the poor read the

newspapers they know that a great many of the rich escape protracted and painful trials by go-ing to Canada. [ From the Philadelphia Times. ] A society has been formed in England to pro-

# vide suitable reading matter for servants. Bacon's essays and Lamb's works should not be neglected in selecting a library for any well-

No Sugar Needed. [From the New Orleans Picayans.]
The fashionable rainbow tea—fashionable in New York church circles-does not need much sugar. It is run by sweet young girls and the proceeds go to the church fund.

### Almost a Hint [From Texas S(flings.]

Boarder Jones-Mrs, Flapjack, can't you put a stop to your two daughters playing fourhanded at the piano? Mrs. Flaplack-Why don't you marry one of them! That would put a stop to it right off.

## Speeches to Be Lived Down,

[From Punck 1 The Miss Browns-Oh, so glad to see you Mary! But we've such dreadful colds, we can't kiss you, dear. We can only shake hands.
Fair Visitor—Oh, dear, how sad! I hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown!

## A Kentuckian's Tollet Articles.

(From the Washington Critic.)
Mrs. Kentuck (to husband packing a trunk)-Did you put in any toilet articles, Henry? Mr. K.—Oh, yes, I wouldn't forget them. Mrs. K.—What have you got? Mr. K.—Two bottles of whiskey and a cork-screw. I reckon that's plenty, ain't it?

### A New Definition of Man. [From the Spotted Cagner.] Teacher-What does Condillac say about

brutes in the scale of being ! Seminary Girl-He says a brute is an imperfeet man.
Teacher—And what is man!
Seminary Girl—Man! Oh. man is a perfect

### A General Exodus. [From the Chicago Nace.]

"What has become of all the people?" invidual in the streets of Philadelphia. "You are the first person I have seen since I came to town four hours ago." "Yes." said the man, sadly. "and I would have gone too if I hadn't been left behind to sort o keen things moving. Everybody else has gone down the river to watch for the first shad."

### Doing the Profession a Service. 1 From the Chicago Tribune.1

Well-Informed Burglar (reading a newspaper) -Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an nstantane as photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.
Second Burglar—It's kind of him to publish it.
We'll know what to do when we undertake to
crack a safe hereafter. But it's tough on a man
with any welf-respect to have to put ou some lowwith any self-respect to have to put on some low lown disguise and make a White Cap of himself.

## A Ouc-Sided Education. Prom the Chicago Journal, 1

Miss Pallas Endora Von Blurky.
She dulu't know chicken from turkey.
High Spanish and Greek
She could fuently speak.
But her knowledge of poultry was murky. She could tell the great-uncle of Moses. The dates of the Wars of the Roses,

The reason of things, Why the Indians were rings On their red aberiginal nose The meaning of Emerson's "Brahma," Why Shakespeare was wrong in his gram-

And she went chipping rooks With a little black box And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education And the principal needs of the nation, Her glasses were blue. And the number she knew Of the stars in each high constellation.

She wrote in a handwriting clerky; She talked with an emphasis jerky. High Spanish and Greek She could fluently speak. But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

Under Love's Spell. (From Life.)



Stricken Youth (at his idol's door)-Say, Billy is they one or two v's in lover?

People Who Behold Wonderful Sights in Dreamland.

Another Session of the Dream-

We Shar Maye to Stop This Soon Despite Repeated Requests to the Contrary.

WITNESSED A MURDER IN SLEEP.

and Afterwards Discovered Traces of What

business devoted to the sale of horses and carriages. One night I dreamed that I stood rooted to the spot, unseen, on a lonely country road, while witnessing a cruel murder by the light of pale moonbeams. I saw quite plainly two ruffians attack a man in a buggy. One held the horse, which was gray in color, and the other rained blow after blow on the victim's head. The occupant of the buggy lay backward, anotionless, with head overlanging the hind wheel on the nigh side, and the blood from his wounds fell upon the wheel and on the head lining of the carriage top. On the second night after I had dreamed this I had occasion to work very late over my looks, and, obeying a tired impulse to close my eyes for a moment, I fell asleep immediately, and remained so for just five minutes, but in that time I thought I had wa'ked out on the wareroom floor, with its many rows of carriages, tim's head. The occupant of the buggy lay room floor, with its many rows of carriages, and passing down one aisle I approached a buggy covered with mud, which I instantly recognized as the one of my dream and seated or rather lying in it, with his head dripping blood over the nigh hind wheel, was the murdered man. I was terror stricken and awoke Hurriedly placing my books away I left the ouilding.

In looking at the carriages the next day I

was not altogether surprised to find the iden-tical wagon of my two dreams, with its broken top and blood-stained lining and wheel. The horse that came with it proved wheel. The horse that came with it proved to be a gray. On consulting the register I saw that the orders to sell came from some one who delivered the rig, and whose address was given in a neighboring town. The horse, harness and buggy were sold and I retained the money awaiting the claimant. He never came and no one knew him at the address he gave. If a crime had been committed conscience or fear of discovery had kept him away. I have tried to keep track of the buggy, but it has changed owners many times since then. No inquiries were ever made for a missing horse and wagon, nor did I hear of any mysterious murder that would appear to have been done under the circumstances of my dream.

W. D.

## Three Peculiar Dreams.

Spending a Winter away from home the family letters to me were full of a young gentleman who was visiting my brother, and who was a genius of the first water in every station of life apparently. Never having seen him I grew very weary of hearing of ' Bob Gates," and when I returned home he was still dinged into my cars, though the only description of his looks I had was that he had "pink hair" and wasn't cretty. I occupied the room he had when he was there, and one night I dreamed that sitting in the room some one walked in without knocking. I looked up and said: "I know who you are; you are Bob Gates." Then I thought (curiously conscious that I was dreaming). "I will look hard at him and see if I have dreamed a good likeness should I ever see him," so I did, and in the looking awoke.

Some months afterwards I was sitting one Summer morning in the library in the back building at the head of the stars leading up from the front hall. The front door was open, and hearing some one come in I went to the head of the steps and looked over to see if it was any one who had a right to come in. I looked over the balusters and I recognized Bob Gates, though as far as any one knew he was many hundred miles away. He had in half an hour's notice started off on business, not having time to send word he he had "pink hair" and wasn't pretty. I business, not having time to send word he was coming. Never having seen a picture of him. I had dreamed a sufficiently good likeness to recognize him, though he was entirely

out of my thoughts.

One Saturday morning I saw in the paper that a new comet was visible far down on the horizon about 3.30 o'clock. That night I dreamed that eight or ten of us had risen dreamed that eight or ten of us had risen from the supper table and gathered around the stove. Suddenly some one looked at her watch and exclaimed in horror: "Why, it is 2.25." I said: "Why, it cannot be." and looked up at the clock. It was 2.30. I said: "The clock has stopped," and took out my watch. It was 2.35. We all looked at our watches, and there was only a difference of ten or fifteen minutes in all of them. Consternation settled down on us all, for we ought to have been in bed at least two or three hours, and in the ensuing commotion I awoke.

awoke.
The dream was so vivid that I could not come back from the consciousness of it for some time. When I did finally come to a realization of myself I remembered the comet. but said to myself. It is no use to look for it now, for it is only 2.30." Then I remem-bered I had only dreamed that it was 2.30, and finally got up and struck a match and looked at my watch. It was 2.45. I was rather stactled at the coincidence, but not finding started at the concatence, our not making the cornet visible from my roof I went to bed and to sleep again.

The next norning, not having on my watch, I turned and looked at the clock, which was directly behind me. It had stopped at 2.30

in the night.

I dreamed I was packing and said to a frend: "Pve had to put my Bible in my bag, because I could not get it in my trunk." Presently I said to this same friend: "It is too bad, I have nothing to read on the journey." He looked at another person who journey." He looked at another person who was standing near, and they both began to laugh. I had no faintest idea what they were laughing at, and said rather crossly: "I don't think it is very polite to laugh at me and not tell me what you are laughing about."

My friend said, still laughing: "We were amused because you said you had nothing to read, when you had your Bible in your travelling bag."

travelling bag."

Now I saw all three of those people, all went on in my mind, yet I had not the faint-est idea what they were laughing at till they told me. M. W. McL. 400 West Fifty-seventh street, N. Y.

The following dream I had a short time

ago. I saw a large square surrounded by

houses, in the centre of which was a scaffold, On it was a priest, a headsman, myself and three ladies. One of the ladies separated herself from her compenions and knelt down with her head upon the block. The headsman, with one mighty stroke, severed her head. The second was likewise beheaded, but on the third one presenting herself, i thought my head would burst. I then set my teeth, clutched the rails and tried to close my eyes, but could not. The lady, after divesting herself of her bonnet, laid her head down on the block. She saw, however, her two companions' heads in the basket, and motioned to the headsman as if to say: "If my head droms there it will roll." with her head upon the block. The heads to say: "If my head drops there, it will roll off the scaffold," The headsman arranged the two heads so that her head might fall beCOQUELIN AND HADING

To those aspiring young playwrights who try so desperately hard to be immoral that they almost succeed in becoming amusing. I would recommend a careful study of "Denise." a fouract comedy by the younger Dumas, produced at Palmer's Theatre last night. It is plausibly morbid, insidiously hectic and marvellously un-conventional. Mr. Ramsay Morris might study 'Denise." He will then learn how to be cynical without revealing the effort it costs, and he will see how easy it is to be naughty and at the same time fascinatingly nice. Many may say that the lesson will not be worth learning. He will not think so, bless your hearts! nor will that band of imitative dramatists who place their scenes

at Monte Carlo.

The play is flagrantly naughty. M. Dumas shows us Denise in a dependent position, loved by the young, wealthy but questionably interesting Count de Bardannes. He proposes in due season. Of course the audience knows that she loves him. Before she gave him his answer I felt it was a case of "I love you, but I can never be yours," and it was. She could not marry him. "I belong." she says, "to those whom men love but don't marry." Sweet little speech, isn't it? Well, he tells her that his sister is about to

marry Fernand de Thauzettes. His mind has

lulled into quiescence. No sooner has he informed her of the contemplated marriage, however, than she faces him and tells him that she, serself, was the mistress of Fernand de Thauzettes. This she does, of course, to save the sister, and every one will see the rather impossible heroism of the act. The Count is overwhelmed. He is a very French young man, and when he is overwnelmed he generally cries in a nice white handkerchief, the corner of which lurks in an edjacent pocket. She goes on to tell him that she had a child by Fernand; that she and her mother took it to the country and intrusted it to

looks at him suddenly.

'Ah!" she exclaims, in a pineful, soul-harrowing manner, "you are crying." She rushes into his arms and pestles there.

a nurse; that they used to visit it, and that

finally it died. She becomes extremely pathetic

Now, I have said that "Denise" is a plausible play, but the incident I have just mentioned s simply inane. Just think of a man deluged in sympathetic tears because his sweetheart tells him poetically of the death of her child of which somebody else is the father! Imagine this good young man weeping in lovely compassion! Permit me to exclaim " Bosh!"

"Denise," however, ends artistically. It has been arranged that the girl shall marry Fernand; it has also been planned that she shall go into a convent. She, however, does neither, As she is about to depart for the nunnery, the Count, who is standing in the room, utters a ound of suppressed love. She turns and sees 'a something" in his face. Then she utters a sound, though her love isn't so suppressed. They run into one another's arms, and the curtain fulls. Dumas was determined that she hould wed happily, but he did it as artistically as he could. Mr. Morris, with a similar heroine, revelled in wedding bells and all the rest of it. That was unnecessary, inartistic and offensive to many.

Mmc. Hading could have given no stronger impersonation of the title rôle. Her work, in-deed, almost defied criticism. Perhaps, in the scene with the Count, she rampaged just a trifle too much, but if that were a fault, it was readily forgiven. The expression of quiet determination on Mme. Hading's face when-to quote young man whom I overheard-she "gave herself away," was admirably shown. Even the refusal of marriage, which, after a confession of love, it is difficult to render anything but ridiculous, Mme. Hading clearly justified. There was no strain for effect; only the most onsummate naturalness. The "business" at the piano in the first act was, perhaps, the best instance of Mme. Hading's appreciation of stage detail. Such a part as Denise would never

be popular with "stars" in this country, because it needs no dressing. Mme. Harding were two meek little robes, that it would be impossible for the most ardent boxoffice gusher to dwell upon with proper pathos. Coquelin played the small part of Thouvenin a worthy man, who is always giving excellent advice, which-to judge by his manner-he himself would never follow. Thouvenin is exceedingly cynical, and says a great many clever things. Counciln treated the role in his own artistic way. Thouvenin had all the "cute" little Parisian gestures and winks that could possibly have been desired. M. Duquesne played Brissot, and Mme. Patry, Mme. Brissot, the parents of Denise. M. Abel was the Count de Bardannes, and Mmc. Gilbert was the adven-

turess-ish woman, Mme, de Thauzette.

As I stepped from Palmer's I saw a pretty oung maiden in the lobby waiting with papa and mamma for the carriage. The parents were discussing the merits of the play, and l'imagine that they were criticising it rather severely. Then they turned to the girl, and I knew they were asking her what she had to say about it. approached. I felt I must know.

I thought it was awfully amusing," she

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Nathan Chifood

## Are These Your Children?



Strong, vigorous and healthy children are what we al want, and how to keep our little ones in good health is a mestion of the greatest interest to all. Children are eculiarly liable to nerrous disorders; they become ner ous, restless, fretful, cross, and irritable; their night sleep is not calm and restful, but they toos restless! from side to side, murmur or task in their sleep, and wake tired and unrefreshed in the morning. They have an irregular appetite, grow thin and pale, look slight and puny, and their growth and development become

cines, but give them that greatest of all children's remedies, Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great nerve invigorant and health restorer. This wonderful remedy is, above all, a family medicine, and its name is a household word n thousands of homes all over the land. It is made from pure and harmless vegetable remedies, is calming, soothing, and healing to the nerves, and at the same time strengthens and invigorates the entire system, restoring a healthful color to the cheek, refreshing sleep, strong nerves, stout limbs, and that bounding health and sitality which all children should have. It is perfectly safe to give to children of any age, and its cura-tive and restorative effects are wonderful. Use it, par-ents, if your children are sick, and see them improve tween the two, and she was soon decapitated. I saw the stream of blood issue out of the headless trunk, and with a loud shout fell down and awoke, bathed in perspiration, and could scarcely realize that it was a hideous nightmare. W. F. H., Jorsey City. in health and strength every day and every hour. All druggists keep it at \$1 per bottle. You can also con-sult Dr. Greene, the specialist in the cure of nervous and obroute diseases, about your children free of charge, personally or by letter, if you desire. His effice is 35

## ANDREWS ON THE STAND PACKED WITH BRIGHT FEATURES

He Testifies Before the Appropria-

Something More About That Ceiling Robbery.

Merely an Oversight That Snaith Overdrew His Account \$14,000.

SEPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 21.-Charles B. Andrews, the Superintendent of Buildings, who accused of having taken great part in the ceiling robbery, was the first witness before the Appropriations Committee to-day. The original plans and specifications, he said, were prepared by Franklin H. Jones. When the work was in progress a short time

he decided to order the use of papier-mache. been filled with suspicions about Denise and Snaith, he said, would come to him at the Fernand de Thanzettes, but at present they are end of the month and say he wanted some money. Andrews would tell Rowe to pre-pare the bills of what Smaith had received.

Then Rowe brought the bills to Andrews and he audited them, and Snaith got his money.
"It was an oversight in me," he admitted under cross-examination. "to allow Snaith to

under cross-examination, "to allow Snaith to overdraw his account by \$14,000. "I did not know about it until I saw it in the expert's report."

He denied that he had ever in any way learned the amount of the bids before they were opened by the Speaker.

THE PUBLIC APPRECIATE IT.

as she tells of its death and funeral. Then she A FEW OF THE MANY LETTERS ABOUT TINA WEISS'S RETURN.

A Little Girl In Glad.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am pleased to hear through your able paper that Tina Weiss is restored to her parenta. My papa reads THE EVENING WORLD. I am a little girl eleven years old. was very much pleased to hear that she was safe at home. MAMIE PACE, 225 Madison street, city.

### Would Like to See Her Picture. to the Editor of The Evening World :

I have been reading THE EVENING WORLD. I have been very much interested in your search for little Tina Weiss. I notice in all other cases you have put in their photograph. and my little sister and myself would like to see her picture through your paper. We all join in wishing you success in all your undertakings. I am a little boy ten years old.

JULIUS HOUSAH. 120 West Hanover street, Trenton, N. J.

## Somewhat Unlimited Praise.

Editor of The Evening World:

I read with glainess of heart in vesterday's EVENING WORLD that poor little Tina Weiss had been restored at last to her joyful parents through the indefatigable and untiring energy of THE EVENING WORLD, for which your myriad readers, I am sure, return you their sincere and heartfelt thanks. "It may be in the course of time that the great cities of the world will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark their site save confused mounds of crumbling brickwork. But the works of nature are imperish-The rivers of these cities will able. continue to flow as they do now. and if any work of art should rise above the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace, a temple, nor a correction house; and if any name should still flash through [the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of The Evening World, which in its day sought the happiness of mankind rather than their glory, and linked its memory to some great work of national streets.

Isabella Cullen, aged forty-one, and her son John, aged twenty-two, lived on the top floor.

When they discovered the fire the flames had gained such great headway that escape by the stairs was impossible.

John thereupon went to the back winders and the streets are street as the streets. tional utility and benevolence. Though maiice may darken truth, it cannot put it out. God bless and prosper The Evenino EDWARD GORDON, 357 East Forty-third street. WORLD.

## AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN DEAD.

Dr. Bliss, Who Attended President Garfield. Passed Away This Morning. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. I

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.-Dr. D. W. Bliss, who was the constant attendant of President Gar field during the latter's illness, died at his field during the latter's illness, died at his residence here at 7.15 o'clock this morning.

D. W. Bliss became famous during the sad days of Garfield's struggle with death at Washington and Long Branch. He was constantly in attendance on the stricken chief from July to September, when Garfield died at the Francklyn cottal eat Elberon, and his name was attached to all the official builetins.

name was attached to all the official buildins which informed the anxious public of the President's condition.

Dr. Frank Hamilton, of New York, and Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, were his associates at the bedside. The death of Dr. Bliss will recall vividly the fact that the most eminent physicians of this country were unable to locate the spot where Guiteau's bullet had lodged. They were many inches off in their calculations. The facts disclosed by the au-topsy set the medical fraternity's tongues wagging vigorously on both sides of the At-

WASHINGTON'S

THE

# **EVENING WORLD**

Here are a few of the

TO-MORROW

G. Washington at the Telephone

# Do You Believe the Hatchet Story?

Cherry Tree and Its Moral,

# THE FIRST INAUGURAL,

Reprinted "With Credit" from a Newspaper of 1789.

### The Governors of the States send "The Evening World" some Birthe day Epigrams,

SERIOUS DANGER OF A MOTHER AND SON IN

A kerosene lamp exploded in the apartments occupied by Frederick Behrens, on the first

A scene of the greatest confusion ensued, The tenants dropped everything and rushed

fireman.

Five hundred dollars damage was done to the building before the fire was put out. The loss is covered by insurance. Behrens loses \$300 on his furniture.

KENNA VICTORIOUS.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 21.-John E. Kenna was re-elected United States Senator When the joint Assembly met at noon it was thought there would be no election. On the second bailot, however, he received 46

The Governors of the States have telegraphed Washington Birthday Sentiments to The Events

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS OF

"A SERVANT OF SATAN." THE ASSASSIN PRADO'S CAREER.

The Riddle that the French Police Couldn't Solve.

STROPSIS OF THE PROLOGUE AND PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious assassing who was guillotined in December last at Paris, under the name of Prado, handed estimated the eve of his electrion abundle of massucrity noise concerning his birth and past career to a friend named Louis Berard. These reveal for the first time the romantic career of the extraordinary oriminal whose identity and past history proved a tiddle which he French police were unable to solve. They show that he was the son of well-known German General stid stateman, whose identity will easily be recognized under the pseudonym of Count von Waldberg. The mother was 8 Princess of one of the petty soverigh houses of Germany. A godsen of the late King Frederick William IV of Pruesia, young Waldberg cuters the army, contracts a secret marriage with a woman whom he passes off as his mistress, and strikes his Colone to the ground when the latter uses a coarse expression in referring to her.

Young Waldberg deserts the army and returns to his father's house, where he confesses his misdeeds to the Count. The latter, enraged at his son's conduct, orders him to remain under arrest in his room. A letter is received from his wite, asking for money. The hight of the third day of his confinement, the occupants of the wild are startled by pistol shots, and rush to the library to find the young Count by a torken window, with a smoking is found of the borglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife is found of the borglars. But on the following day the General intercepts a letter from Frederick to his wife and discovers that it is his son who is the chief. He turns him out of the house. Frederick of and his wife go to drive the restrict that the first son his the chief, the turns him out of the house. Frederick of and his wife go to drive the restrict the prong Countess is found by her husband in a compromising stitute with his butter. Journal of the barged with the butter, the charge with the stream of the prince o

Don't Miss the Continuation of this Most Remarkable Story in TO-MORROW MORNING'S WORLD.

# attractions:

## He Makes a Few Remarks to the Political Leaders of the Present.

# Paragraphic Interviews About the

# OUR OWN GEO. WASHINGTONS.

## Somethings About the Present Citi. zens of New York Who Bear the Honored Name.

WASHINGTONIAN SENTIMENTS.

FIRE SHUT OFF THE STAIRS.

A BURNING BUILDING.

floor of the three-story and basement brick building 240 East Thirty-sixth street, about 10.30 o'clock this morning, and set the house on fire.

dows, and by means of a rope was lowered to the roof of an adjoining house. He is sick and weak, with consumption, and but for his mother's presence and assistance could not have got out. His mother was taken out the front way and carried down to the street on a ladder by

John Patterson, on the second floor, loss \$150, and the Cullens \$50.

Re-elected to the United States Senate To-Day by One Vote. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

to-day by one vote. votes, the full Democratic strength, and was declared elected amid wild enthusiasm. His opponent, Nathan Goff, received 45 votes.

ING WORLD. They are A No. 1. Read them in to-morrow's Evening World.